

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

As the steamship France was being warped into her berth at Pier 57, North River, Saturday a little thin man named Harris laughed another thin man on the arm and said:

"Dudley, I'll bet you're a better singer than I am."

"You're on," replied the other. The money was placed in the hands of the third party and the balloting was about to begin when a little girl said in a piping voice:

"Oh, Mr. Harris, will you buy me a doll with the money you win?"

And this, dear readers, is the way we have selected to announce that our trip to Europe is at an end. Here we are again ready to listen to your troubles, print your poetry and answer your inquiries. London and Paris are wonderful places to visit, but if the audience will kindly give us all join in singing that old familiar ballad, "There is No Place Like Home."

THE SHIP'S CONCERT.

As is usual aboard ship, there was a show on the France Friday night last for the benefit of the orphans of sailors. Arnold Daly and Grace La Rue participated. Mr. Daly read "The House of the Dead," and would have scored tremendously had not the ship's dog horn interrupted him every sixty seconds. As it was, however, he did very well, and later a young man, seated with friends in the smoke room, approached the actor and congratulated him.

"You did just fine," said the young man. Then he added: "By the way, Mr. Daly, I've always enjoyed your acting. I saw 'Man and Superman' and thought it was a real treat."

"So did I," replied Mr. Daly. "Robert Lorraine played it."

The young man stumbled back to his table and ordered a tall, stiff glass of red liquor. When Miss La Rue finished singing the audience was delighted. The applause was voluminous, and Henry Bolit, vaudeville artist, who was conducting the entertainment, was as happy as a dentist at a taffy eating party. Holding up one hand for silence, he announced:

"That's an American."

Then came Norman Black, publisher of a newspaper in Fargo, N. D. Mr. Black has a tenor voice that is the pride of Fargo and he certainly hit off a mean couple of tunes. The collection amounted to 3,500 francs. Later, about 1 A. M., the ship's siren began to shan again and George C. Tyler turned to us and said:

"I'll bet you Daly's started in on 'The Ballad' again."

WEST AND THE MAYOR.

On the France was a portly cotton broker named Sid West of Little Rock, Ark. While the cotton meeting was on in Liverpool a banquet was given and Sid sat next to the Lord Mayor of the town. The L. M. was ablaze with decorations and gold chains. He was dressed much more elaborately than they used to gown the Astor homes in the pre-auto days. Sid noticed all these embellishments, and leaning over to the city official, said:

"Pardon me, Mistah Lord Mayor, but do you know what you 'mind me of?"

"I cawn't say that I do," replied the Lord Mayor.

"You 'mind me," said Sid, "of a country nule with a new saddle."

"Delighted, I'm sure," was the Lord Mayor's merry rejoinder.

CUTTING THE DOG'S PAY.

In the smoke room each night Hale Hamilton and George C. Tyler indulged in stories of stage life. "I remember," said Hale, "one time when we had a bulldog in our company. A member of the crew was given \$5 a week for the dog's food. The week before Christmas we all received half-salary and the \$5 was cut to \$2.50."

That spurred George C. Tyler to action. "My home was Chillicothe, Ohio," he said. "One night Hap Ward played our town with his troupe. They drew \$300 and Hap was sore. Seeing me the next morning, on his way to a train, he took occasion to berate Chillicothe vehemently."

"It's the rottenest show town I ever struck," snarled Hap.

Three months later Mr. Tyler ran across Hap and the troupe in a small town in Pennsylvania.

"Hello, George," said Hap. "You're from Chillicothe, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied George C.

"Well, lemme tell you about that town," came from Hap. "It's the best 4-A one-night stand in the United States."

When that one had received appreciation enough to bring forth another round of the forbidden fluid, Mr. Tyler told one more.

"Speaking of this thing of beginning theatrical performances exactly at the time advertised," he said, "brings to mind what took place in Washington the opening night of the all-star 'out there' company, which went out under my management for the benefit of the Red Cross. We advertised the curtain at 8 o'clock sharp, and it went up exactly at 8. There were just two people in the house, and who do you suppose they were?"

"Who?" asked Hale Hamilton.

"President and Mrs. Wilson, in their box."

GOSSIP.

Ivy Troutman and her husband, Walter Pierce, of Tunis, have come to America for a visit.

Henry Bolit is home after starting Princess Wah-Letka on a vaudeville tour in England.

Beatie Barricade will arrive in New York to-day from California. She will soon be seen in "The Skirt."

Marguerita Sylva will remain in "The Skylark" until October and then go out for a three months' concert tour.

A Lawrence Wober will open Wilbur Le Baron's new comedy, "No-body's Money," at the Longacre Theatre on Aug. 12.

"Enter Madame" will begin its road tour to-night in Atlantic City. The cast is the original one with one exception. Henry Stephenson is playing the role created by Norman Trevor.

"The Night Cap," a new comedy by Guy Bolton and Max Marcin, will be produced in Stamford to-night. The Shubert production of "The Temperamentalists" will open in Stamford Friday night and come to the Bijou here on Aug. 16.

Coming across on the France George C. Tyler played all the pools

and made numerous other bets, but never once did he win. Thursday night, however, he found \$10 and was delighted. He spent the money on his friends and then a passenger discovered he was the loser and Mr. Tyler had to dig up.

Beechhurst, down on Long Island, has decided to show its sister towns how to give a show. All next week it will have a carnival. The festivities will begin Friday night of the week with a grand show at the home of Howard Thurston, magician. So many stars are involved that Theodore Mitchell, the press agent, calls them a "galaxy."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.
The most important thing in Paris is the brake on the taxicab.

FOOLISHMENT.
The sugar man arrived and just to make his stay complete, The hotel clerk arranged at once To put him in a suite.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"The baby swallowed my cuff link." "What did you do?" "Gave him a cuff."

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



LITTLE MARY MIXUP



KATINKA



Award Winners, Strip No. 15, Evening World's Summer School of Drawing

\$10 Award

Arthur M. Sugar

(Age nine)
No. 596 West 178th Street, New York City.

\$5 Awards

Ethel Druckrey

(Age fourteen)
No. 172 Lafayette Street, Glendale, L. I.

Solomon Leav

(Age thirteen)
No. 1604 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Humbert Silvi

(Age fourteen)
No. 1829 Washington Avenue, New York City.

\$1 Awards

HOLLY H. SEELY, age nine, Nor-

ton, Conn.

GENEVIEVE BARTLEY, age eleven,

No. 23 Hillside Avenue, New Roch-

elle, N. Y.

RALPH O'CONNOR, age thirteen,

No. 755 McDonough Street, Brook-

lyn, N. Y.

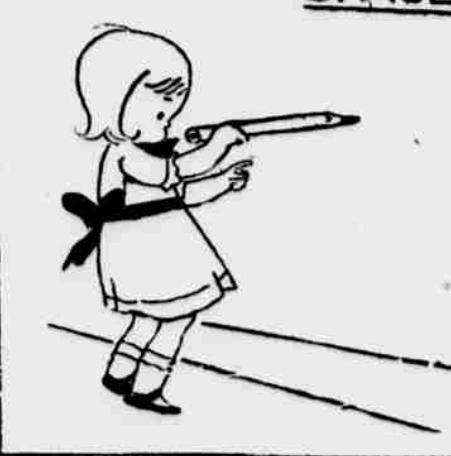
SEE SAW- SAID MARGIE-
DAW- IF I HAD A PENCIL,
I THINK I COULD DRAW



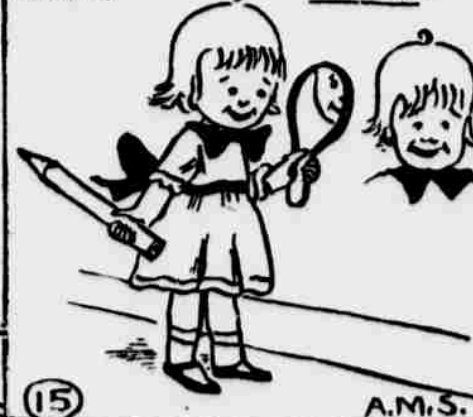
SHE THEN GOT A
PENCIL-



AND FOUND A BLANK
SPACE



AND WITH THE HELP OF A
MIRROR SHE DREW HER
OWN FACE.



No. 755 McDonough Street, Brook-

lyn, N. Y.

ALBERT KRULIS, age fourteen, No.

436 East 59th Street, New York

City.

JACOB KAINEN, age eleven, No. 511

West 130th Street, New York City.

FRANCES MILLER, age thirteen,

No. 403 East 87th Street, New York

City.

ALICE DURAND, age thirteen, No.

10 Koerner Street, Elmhurst, L. I.

CATHERINE JONES, age fourteen,

Franklin Boulevard, Laurelton, L. I.

Names of award winners and \$10

award winning drawing for Strip No.

16 will be published on this page next

Wednesday. Strip No. 19 for you to

complete will be printed to-morrow.

No competitor is entitled to more

than one \$10 award, two \$5 or five

\$1 awards during the course of these

drawing competitions.

ILSON, the village grocer, and

his better half were on a visit

to their son and heir, who was

captain of the school baseball team.

The occasion was an important game

against a hated rival, and as play

did not cease until late, Pilson

revalled upon his parents to stay until

Monday.

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ed the congregation by joining in the

singing and chants with a voice

which almost drowned the organ.

Young Pilson was furious. After

churion he said to his father:

"Dad, I do hope when you come

again you'll sing a bit lower. Every-

body was grinning at you."

"It's all right, my son; it couldn't

be helped," said Pilson sr., quite seri-

ously. "You see, if I hadn't highered

my voice they'd have heard your

mother."—Los Angeles Times.

THE WORTHY SON THE NEXT MORNING

accompany his parents to church,

where Pilson sr. thoroughly disgust-

ed the congregation by joining in the

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NewsCinders

NEW PUBLIC MARKET TO BE OPENED BY A DANCE. ALREADY A DEMAND FOR CHICKENS

MAN ARRESTED FOR CHOPPIN' RAILROAD TRACKS ALONG NORTH RIVER - ANOTHER WAY OF BREAKING HOME TIES

PITTSBURGH WIFE SEEKS SEPARATION BECAUSE HUSBAND BEAT HER WITH BELT DURING HOLIDAY TRIP. VACATION HAS STRAPPED MANY

CONEY ISLAND VOTES TO HAVE ANTI-BLUE WEEK. HIP! HIP! HOORAY!

PERFUME ON ARCHITECT'S COAT CAUSES WIFE TO SUE FOR DIVORCE. ONE WAY TO GET IN BAD ODOR

OH SNOW, BEAUTIFUL SNOW! MAN HURT IN SNOWBALL FIGHT ON PIKE'S PEAK. ANOTHER CHANCE FOR A CAMPAIGN AGAINST HIGHBALLS

MOVING PICTURES TOO TAME FOR FRENCH AVIATRIX. "PEELY"

HARD TO LEAD "STILL" LIFE IN THE BRONX

BRONX BATH TUB SEIZED FULL OF PRUNES, WOMAN JAILED. STARTED IN THE BATH TUB ENDED IN THE JUG

INDIAN CHIEF ARRESTED IN DRUG DRAGNET. DRUGS HAVE PUT THE INDIAN SIGN ON MANY

NO LIKELIHOOD OF SOFT DRINK HIM DOPE